

# THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.

NUMBER 38

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**JOHN S. WILKES,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties. Can be found  
At the Office of Brown & McCallum.  
aug. 17-6m.

**JOHN G. WHITSON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme Court at Nashville. Strict attention given to all collections entrusted to him. OFFICE—May's Old corner—Up stairs.  
July 27-1y.

**WILSON, CARP,**  
COTTON FACTORY  
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
Groceries & Plantation Supplies,  
No. 104 MAIN STREET,  
Corner Washington, [June 1] MEMPHIS, TENN.

**COMMERCIAL HOTEL,**  
Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets,  
Nashville, Tennessee,  
**J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor,**  
Formerly of 23 North Sumner St.,  
J. G. WILSON, Clerk.  
This Hotel has been lately refitted and newly furnished. The proprietor desires a liberal patronage of the traveling public.  
[May 18-6m]

**SOLON E. ROSE,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House.  
WILL PRACTICE  
In the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties, [Feb 13-6m]

**AMOS R. RICHARDSON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House. Jan 10-6m

**P. G. STIVER PERKINS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.  
OFFICE  
In North and of the Tennessee House, west side of the public square. Jan 13-6m

**BROWN & McCALLUM,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker & Brown. Jan 5, 1y

**RUTLEDGE & REED,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors At Law,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE,  
WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall, Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. Office a. e. corner Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 1y.

**LEON GODFREY,**  
Watch Maker & Jeweller,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
ALL kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.  
Shop at Mason & Esch's Store. [Feb 16-1y]

**M. D. Le MOINE,**  
ARCHITECT.  
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.  
P. O. Box 375. [Jan 1 '66-3m]

**Ezell & Edmundson,**  
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.  
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted  
STOCK OF GOODS.  
Embracing a great variety,  
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially their elegant stock of  
Ready Made Clothing.  
All kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premium and uncurrent, taken at their market value.  
Jan 5-4y.

**MEDICAL CARD.**  
**Drs. GRANT & ABERNATHY.**  
Pulaski, Tenn.,  
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their services to the people of Giles and the adjoining counties; and hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
Special Attention Given to Surgery.  
Having had ample experience in the Army during the war, and being supplied with all the appliances necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases entrusted to their care.  
Office near South-west Corner Public Square.  
Jan 5-6m

**TONSorial.**  
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial, invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new  
BARBER'S SALOON,  
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

**Book and Job Printer,**  
CITIZEN OFFICE,  
SOUTH-EAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—UP STAIRS,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be taken from the office until paid for.

## BURDETT'S COLUMN.

### Drugs and Medicines.

### W. M. BURDETT.

### WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

### DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

### CHEMICALS.

### DYE-STUFFS.

### PAINTS, OILS,

### FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

### &C., &C.

### NEAR THE CORNER,

### SOUTH-EAST OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

### PULASKI, TENN.

### PHYSICIAN'S

### PRESCRIPTIONS

### CAREFULLY PUT UP

### DAY OR NIGHT.

### Also Constantly on Hand the Best

### ARTICLE OF

### LIQUORS,

### FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Jan 5-1y

## What of the Race?—On Which Horse Shall We Bet?

The duty of Southern men in reference to the contest now going on between the President's party and the Radicals is not, to the mind of the writer hereof, very clear. The fact is, the South has been conquered, hopelessly subdued. The Southern States are now virtually held as conquered provinces by the victors. We are at their mercy.—They are determined to humble us.

The President has made us "eat dirt" by the "peck," and our digestion is now almost hopelessly ruined. He has not had it in his power to reward us for our servile obedience to his commands. He invited us to a convention designed to form a party in support of "his policy."

How are we to aid him? By speaking out? No! For the more we praise him, the more enemies we make for him in the North, where the power lies to affect us for weal or for woe.

Is the contest so indicative of a result in the President's favor as to justify casting our lot with him? If we bet on the Conservative horse, and jockey for him, will the Radicals show us any mercy, if our favorite is beaten?

We are held as conquered provinces—have no rights or privileges except such as may be granted by our masters. Had we not better be quiet, and take no part in the contest? We are literally political beggars, and therefore have no right of choice. This is a humiliating confession, yet none the less true.

The writer hereof may have gotten down too low in the dust of humiliation and have become somewhat blinded thereby. He has no use for a Radical, no friendship or admiration of such intellectual and moral monstrosities. Yet he confesses a great distrust of all political trimmers, such as are the so-called Conservatives of the present day. Trimmers bluster and blunder, never fight, never persevere against odds, real or supposed, and are generally poor judges of the state of public sentiment.—Their want of boldness creates distrust, in the minds of voters, and generally ensures their defeat.

Upon the whole, then, is it not better that our people be quiet, cool, and stand off from the contest, risk nothing on the race, so that, terminate as it may, we will not damage ourselves?

Give the Radical party rope enough and they are bound to hang themselves. If in the course of one year they have destroyed republicanism in ten States, how long will it take them to do their work in the remaining twenty-six?

Is not the contest now being inaugurated a sort of Kilkenny cat-fight, which if interfered with by us of the South will result in the destruction of both parties? X

## Well! What Next?

In the year of our Lord 1860, one Abraham Lincoln, a sectional candidate, was elected President of the United States.—The year 1861 found several of the Southern States by conventional ordinances separated, seceded, and formed into a defacto government called the Confederate States of America. With varying fortunes a stupendous and bloody war was waged for more than four years between the Confederate States and the United States. The result was disastrous to the former. The Confederate States government ceased to be and the Confederate Armies were disbanded.

Have we the people of the South an adequate comprehension of the full extent of the disaster? Do we truly realize the present situation and our future prospects?—We fear not. The gloomiest consideration in connection therewith is that our past losses are irremediable. No man of sense can hope to redeem the past. Silently, sincerely, we, if true to honest instincts, must mourn our loss. For it involves the loss of property, the destruction of a cherished institution, injustice to widows and minor children and neglect of maimed patriots, and the widows and orphans of our dead braves.

And more too. We have had to go through the farce of conventions to reconstruct the Union—under duress, pretended voluntarily to do that, which had already been done by the conqueror; free our slaves—repudiate debts honestly contracted, and submit to insults, the extortions, and peculations of the Freedman's Bureau.—Here, too, in Tennessee, we have been cursed with the rule of poor, old wicked, insane Brownlow and his Radical Legislature.

We have thus far survived all these doses of nauseating physic which, if they do not sooner or later kill the patients, can contribute nothing to their physical, political or social well being.

There too comes a failure of the crops to an almost ruinous extent throughout the South. This, with the swarms of Tag-gatherers, adds nothing of pleasantness to the future prospects of this people.

Interest in politics will abate not one jot or tittle of the burden we have to bear.

Our pecuniary condition has not been

alleviated by the industrious efforts of the agriculturists. For the season has been so unfavorable as to disappoint even the expectations of the most moderate calculators. Will there be found enough to subside the people of the South harvested from the incoming crop? Will the income from the cotton and tobacco crops supply the deficiency?

We answer emphatically, no; and we think that our opportunities of learning correctly the crop prospects for the present year have been very good.

Starvation mark it, reader, starvation will be the doom of many people in the Southern States, unless some means of relief are early and judiciously adopted.

Why pine over the loss of liberty and property? Why exercise ourselves about the success of Andrew Johnson's policy and the defeat of the Radicals. Our liberty is hopelessly lost; our property by the million taken from us without just compensation. Feeble men and women and helpless children will soon be calling on us for food. Where is it to be procured?

Will the creditor class in the long run benefit their fortunes by oppressing the debtor, who has barely a subsistence for himself and family?

Will the indebtedness of the farmers ever be paid if judgments are executed, and the lands of the country thrown in great masses upon the market under the sheriff's hammer?

When capital is needed in the country to develop its resources, can the producer be benefited by its investment in non-taxable 7-30's?

If capital is wielded in such a manner as to cripple, if not destroy production, then let the producer content himself with securing a bare subsistence and if 7-30's are non-taxable while cotton is taxable three cents per pound, raise no more cotton forever!!!

We, the people of the South, have yet to realize the full extent of our disasters. Our pride has met with a great fall, and we have hardly yet reached the depths of the degradation we must submit to.

We are powerless and must ever remain so to retrieve the past. While we must not, cannot resist our masters, we ought not to work for them for nothing, and this we will have to do if we continue to raise cotton.

Those of us, who were indebted at the close of the war, cannot pay out by raising cotton. What then? If the creditor and the tax-gatherer are determined to have our homesteads, let them have them, but let us be no longer slaves for them. Our creditors ought to suffer in common with us, for a common cause has divested us of property.

We cannot afford to make slaves of ourselves and children to fill the coffers of the Wall street capitalists, who loaned his money to destroy us, and secured for himself therefor banking and broker's privileges on unprecedentedly advantageous terms.

Rather let our locomotives cease to whistle and the grass grow in the statistics of every town in the South? For the plain matter of fact is we must diversify our pursuits. The hope of becoming fabulously rich, in a short time, ought to be entertained by none. We and our children must now make our wits pay us. The old routine of cotton culture, which required but little intellect, must be left to those who care not to think, and still cherish the absurdity that cotton is king.

In our chimney corners, our children must be taught to use their inventive faculties, and exercise their judgment in putting to practical uses philosophical principles, and esteem nothing beneath their investigation from a gate latch to a steam engine.

Let each and every true man look the situation directly in the face, and resolve that whatever misfortunes he may have to submit to, he will by his precepts and example prepare his children to adapt themselves to the social, political and economical changes, which are necessarily consequent from the results of the great issue of the past.

Well! what next? After the loss of our cause, our rights, our property, our freedom of speech, we must cheerfully submit. Then starvation stares many in the face.—Many of the people of the South are hopelessly in debt. They cannot, in what their creditors regard as a reasonable time, pay their ante-war indebtedness. Cotton is an oppressor, and if we continue to cultivate it, will continue to be a tyrant over us.

What next? Raise no more cotton.—Make subsistence. Teach our children how to adapt themselves to the new order of things. Thus they may secure for themselves an equality of rights and pecuniary independence which we old Rebels "so called" can never hope to attain to in this life. The fiat has gone forth, and our doom is sealed. For we and such as we can never, how much soever we may try, hope to be more than now.

RUTH NAILS may be drawn from wood without difficulty, by first giving them a blow hard enough to start them a little.

A man's wealth and a woman's age can never be known accurately till they die.

## THE EXECUTION OF SAM. DAVIS, An Alleged Rebel Spy.

WRITTEN BY HIS FRIEND.

As a recourse to prevent obtrusion on the rights of a patriotic people, it becomes, we think, some worthy friend of a fallen cause to transmit to posterity the principal events of its actors as episodes in her nation's history. If we fail in this resort, our worthy deeds, like other down-trodden powers, will be engrossed in the record of a triumphing party, and claimed by them as among their wonderful feats.

Although we give little importance to the favoring schemes of a partial writer, and have but little faith in the authenticity of a partial history, yet there are circumstances connected with the events of a down-trodden country, which, when rightly considered, force more reason than one would suppose, because of a disposition on the part of the victors to traduce and do fame the character of captives.

The subject of my story is Samuel Davis, formerly a member of the 1st Tennessee regiment, but more recently promoted to the dangerous post of secret scout, by reason of a display of remarkable coolness and bravery on the battlefield, and discretion and prudence when in dangerous places.—His conduct, from the time of his enlistment in the Confederate cause, was marked by that noble and upright principle characteristic of his previous life, fairly delineating the special qualities of the Southern soldier, and developing the pride of the Southern heart.

In better days and fairer fortunes, when boyhood's hours were spent in "creeping like the snail" unwillingly to school, or "sporting o'er the wild wood with gun and dog," it was joyful delight to me to know myself his warmest friend; and association has enabled me better to appreciate the high moral worth and excellent qualities that ever distinguished one so young. Generous and kind to all, open-hearted and free to friends, brave and intrepid in battle—"none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise."

After the Federal defeat at Chickamauga our authorities believed that a retrograde step, on the part of Rosecranz to Nashville, would be taken, and thought it would be a valuable accession to the good of their cause to be furnished with an outline of the commanding positions thereto and a diagram of the works thereat. Accordingly Davis, the most reliable, ready and fearless man, was selected for the mission—so terrible, so trying, so bold.

Through field and wood, o'er hill and dale, with slow and cautious step, he wended his way on the outskirts of a beaten army, whose sad mishaps had caused such depression of spirits as to thoroughly disorganize and overawe their ranks, which necessitated him to extreme vigilance to prevent capture. The tramp of the footmen, the sound of horses, the rattling of sabers, and all the other deathly, dreadful sounds of an excited imagination, broke upon his ear, until, as a precautionary step, he came to a careful halt preceding the approach of every cross-road, and anxiously gazed around for the sight of blue coats.

At length half of his heavy task was done. After a lonely, long and weary ride, disturbed by anxious solicitude and annoyed by constant apprehension, the Brentwood hills, near the city of Nashville, were gained, and, as imagination pictured, he stood upon "Pisgah and viewed the promised land."

Here, composedly cloaking amid the woodland shelter of a group of hills soon to be made classic as a noted spot, upon which had been sealed, red with his blood, many a soldier's doom, he began to devise and plan deep laid schemes accessory to the accomplishment of the important mission.

There are times in the history of one's being, whose awful responsibilities are fraught with such pregnant importance that we are apt to shut our eyes for a time against true probity, and institute schemes by craft and cunning for effecting our own good.

In lonely solitude Davis sat conjuring up expedients of resort for obtaining the diagram, and devising ways and means to create less suspicion and excite less remark in the prosecution of the great work.

What access he had to the city of Nashville it is not well to state, further than that he succeeded, through the instrumentality of friends, in procuring the diagram, and in having it placed as a precautionary step in the padding of his saddle.

Information now reached him that Sherman was marching from Mississippi to the support of Rosecranz at Chattanooga, and that without a hasty retreat on his part, he (Sherman) would cross his path, hem him in, and render his capture certain.

This sad news, alas! came too late, and instead of being beneficial, as was intended, acted as a forerunner to the dreadful truth of the chase near Pulaski, Tennessee, and his ultimate capture. A short time thereafter, when the threats and abjurations of a brutal foe had ceased, the search of his person was ordered, after the execution of which, his baggage also, and being not yet satisfied, the Federal captain unlocked

his fine Texas saddle, ripped the padding and separated the wadding.

How one would feel under such circumstances we believe nothing but experience could realize, though incredible as the fact may seem, he was neither intimidated nor confessed, and with as much composure as under other circumstances, answered evasively the questions asked prejudicial to himself or his cause, until suspicion became so strong that the doffing of his clothes was ordered, and they were torn into shreds, that further insight into the mystery might be obtained, and more decisive evidence of the prisoner's intents and purposes be accomplished.

My heart shudders while I relate the sequel of the tragedy; for, like Damon and Pythias, we were so closely allied that the contemplation of or recurrence to the event can cause nothing but bitter heart-pangs, and wound feelings of tenderness and affection.

He was consigned within the iron doors of a dismal cell, whose walls perhaps reverberated with the villainous cries of murderers, rogues and friends, its former inmates; and there destitute of clothing, of friends or fortune—cold, chill and bare—he endeavored to commit himself to the care of his God, and forget the terrible night passages an awful future. His rest is broken, dry sorrow drinks his enfeebled frame, until the rolling of drums, the tramp of squadrons, the tumult of innumerable baggage wagons, fail to divert his mind from the bitter thoughts of the morrow.

The 25th of November, 1863, brought with it an assembled Military Court, by order of Gen. Dodge, whose vindictive spirit and bitter hate took possession of reason accompanied with little judgment, branding him with the infamous epithet of "rebel spy." His demeanor before this assembly of infuriated probates was so calm, so undisturbed, so praiseworthy as to excite general remark even from his foes.

His conduct was noble and intrepid, cool and commendable. The charges and specifications were substantially as have been indicated in the foregoing remarks, alleging his guilt in consequence of having had upon his person a diagram of Federal works around Nashville, and the findings and proceedings of the Court sentenced him to be hanged to death, at such time and place as the commanding General might direct, unless the said Davis should make known who gave him the diagram.

"Do you suppose, sir," said he, "that I would betray a friend. No, sir, I will die a thousand times first!"

We have heard, though we do not know how truthfully, that the person who gave Davis the papers was a staff officer in the Federal service, acting in the capacity of spy for the Confederate States Government, and our subject, knowing him to be a true and faithful servant to his cause, chose the fate that he met to the bad precedent of betrayal.

November 27th, 1863, the prisoner was apprised of his sentence by the Provost Marshal, and though somewhat surprised at a sentence of death for so trivial an offense, he did not manifest any outward signs of agitation.

The scaffold for his execution being built upon the ridge east of town, the position could be seen from any part of it, and when the news of the execution, soon to take place, spread throughout Pulaski, the people all being friendly to his cause, closed every door of their dwellings, and hung crane on the door-knobs, mourning the sad fate of the gallant spirit.

At 10 o'clock a. m., the prisoner was taken from his cell, his hands tied behind him, placed in a wagon with the Chaplain of the 81st Ohio regiment, seated upon his coffin and conveyed to the scaffold. No tolling of bells, no funeral procession, no novel insignia, bestowed only hitherto upon the great and the good, were bestowed on the memory of this hero and martyr.

At precisely five minutes past 10 o'clock the wagon containing the prisoner and guards entered the hollow square, formed in the center of which was the scaffold.—Alighting, the prisoner seated himself upon a bench near the scaffold, and with great firmness turned to the officer who conducted the execution and inquired how long he had to live? "Fifteen minutes," was the reply. He devoted these last precious moments to penning the following lines to his parents:

"Dear Father and Mother: My life is offered me to betray a friend. Rather than do so I cheerfully die. Have recently professed religion, and hope to meet you in Heaven. Gen. Dodge says you can have my body if you want it."

"Affectionately,"

"SAM. DAVIS."

The prisoner then mounted the scaffold, accompanied by the Chaplain, Jas. Young, whom he requested to pray with him at his execution. The rope was adjusted about his neck, the cap drawn over his head, the trap was sprung, and the prisoner fell, suspended in the air.

Can as grand a picture of heroism and nobleness be displayed, save by Emmet, (Continued from first page.)